

WAR SUFFERERS LOOK TO AMERICA

Not Beggars By Nature, Victims Turn Instinctively To Peaceful Nations

RESPONSES ARE LIBERAL

But The Voice of The Guns Does Not Cease and The Question From Stricken Lands Is "Can You Do Anything More?"; Help Sorely Needed

BY ROBERT HICHENS.

Author of "The Garden of Allah." There is a saying, "What the eye does not see the heart does not feel," which is much the same as a statement that the world lacks imagination. And no doubt there are many people who are insensitive to the sufferings of others because they cannot think themselves into the lives of others. It is difficult, for instance, for a very rich man to realize what it means to be a very poor man; more difficult still, perhaps, for a strong, healthy man to understand what it is to be a weak and ill man.

And if these things are hard, very hard it must be for a nation enjoying the blessings of peace to understand thoroughly, and to enter imaginatively into, the anxieties, the terrors, the perpetual strain upon brain and heart and soul, which are the lot of a nation plunged into the vortex of war.

Many Hearts Feel for Sufferers.

Yet it must be said that Americans have proved that their hearts have felt though their eyes have not seen the agonies of their European brothers and sisters.

The help they have given has been very great, but the voices of the guns do not cease, and so the ruin and the misery in Europe continually increase day by day.

Mutely the sufferers from war turn for aid to those who still enjoy that mysterious, that already by Europeans almost forgotten blessing, the blessing of peace. They are not beggars by nature, these people bereft, but now instinctively from their souls goes out the silent cry, "Can you help us? Can you do anything more for us?"

Stilly Night for Zeppelins.

Two nights ago I went out just before 10 to walk by the sea, which is close to my house. There was not a breath of wind, the waters seemed asleep and the dead calm which prevailed suggested to me a war-thought. "A good night for Zeppelins!" I said to my companion.

Here and there along the coast—I live on the east coast of England—revolving lights winked in the obscurity, but all the houses scattered over the downs were closely shuttered, and in the little fishing town nearby not a street lamp was lighted. Presently I looked up into the pale sky, in which some dim stars were shining, very high up—almost among the farthest stars it seemed—I saw a fierce flash of light. It stabbed the peace of the night and was gone. I stood for a moment wondering what it could have been. A flash of lightning it was not. It had looked like a menacing signal. But up there among the stars.

Flash of Light Reveals Airship.

Next morning I knew that I had seen the flash of a light carried by a Zeppelin which was on its way to bombard London.

Trifles such as this make one realize war as words do not make one realize it, in a really intimate way. The eye has been the enemy's menace in the sky, and suddenly the heart feels something of what war is—the concentrated intention to do harm, to produce ruin, suffering and death, carried out as far as many be in action.

In Europe the carrying out of this intention in action has been appallingly effective. Never, I suppose, has such misery been known among men since the world began. And still we cannot see the end. Poverty, starvation, disease, ruin, dishonor and death have come into their kingdom. Lamenting That Cannot Be Stilled.

The cry of the women and children is not drowned even by the cries of the men falling on the innumerable battlefields. Will not the ears of the world become deaf because of the reiteration of the lamenting which cannot be stilled?

There is surely a danger of that. And if the sources of pity and of charity should dry up? Well, then indeed the devil will reap a fine harvest of human misery from the saints and the runagates alike.

It cannot be denied that we are unfortunate in Europe. But we are very much beset. Still the homeless Belgians are pouring in upon us.

A friend of mine, a woman within a few miles of my home, is still giving almost all her time to the finding

Tom Tarheel Makes A Speech

By CLYDE DAVIS

Secretary of the Sand Hill Community.

Meetin' down at Piney Run
Speaker failed to come;
Asked Tom Tarheel for a speech,
An', people, he made one.
"Feller Citizens," says he,
"I cannot speak like Brutus,
But I have saw the world at large
And this state ort to suit us.
I've seen the elephant, I have,
From here to Californy,
I sought the rainbow's kettle end;
I found the pathway thorny.
Right here, with lavish kindness, here
The gifts of God is spread,—
There ain't an easier place on earth
To earn your beans and bread.
I wisht you all had went with me,
There's one thing it would learn ye,
That troubles ain't peculiar to
The Old North State, gol darn ye!
What must old Carolyn do
If she's to lead the nation?
First, kill off all the knockers that
Infest our population!
I mean it!" yelled the speaker, as
The second woman fainted.
"With one part of the Book of Books
We'd ought to get acquainted,—
I mean, to wit, how Moses had
To pizen all the quitters
Afore he could possess the land
From Dan to Mara's bitters.
The North State stands on Fortune's ear
Like Israel at the Jordan,
But, friends, there's killin' to be done
Ere she kin do much fordin'.
Therefore, I move, we, here today,
Reorganize the Klu Klux,
An' hush these grumblers up or fix
'Em so they won't hold corn shucks!"

Aberdeen, N. C.

of house room for Belgians, to fitting them out with boots, clothes and the necessities of life, and to searching out work for such as can work. She has been doing this for about nine months now, and the end of her labors is not in sight. And all this time she has been collecting money for these poor people, many of whom have nothing.

Millions Given in Charity.

Over here in England many millions of pounds have been given in charity since last August, but millions vanish like drops of water in the desert, and still the need on all sides seems nearly as great as ever.

Here, where I live, in a very little place, when the war began a hospital was gotten ready "in case it should be wanted" for the wounded. It had twenty-five beds, the arrangements were excellent, and we were rather proud of it. I remember the time when people "hoped" we should get some patients. Now we have four hospitals and a convalescent home full to the doors of gas victims, wounded men and broken down men from the trenches, and a fifth hospital is being gotten ready. Before the war is over how many hospitals shall we have, I wonder, in this one little corner of England? Vast is the need of Europe, and vast must be the charity, prompted by pity, to cope with it.

Gas Victims Are Pitiful.

I have seen a good deal of the gas victims, men who fell unconscious before the advancing cloud from the German trenches, and who awoke in hospitals far behind the lines at Boulogne or elsewhere. They all have a curious remote expression in their eyes, and a curiously detached, almost faraway manner. They look and seem like men who have gone to the confines and gazed over.

It is strange to see them staring at the flowers, wild blue orchids, lilies of the valley, hyacinths, buttercups, which star our English woods and meadows just now, as they drive through the green and budding world in the purring motor. Their eyes seem to be saying, "Can it be?"

They have been to the confines and looked over; and yet here they are among the sweet familiar things, among the English wild flowers, and the blossoming hedgerows. They have come back from the suffocating gas, from clouds of death in the wind,

from our seas; they have come back to receive the welcome of spring.

Thousands Need Your Help.

And the thousands who have been to the confines of misery and who looked into the abysses of hell! Will you help them to come back from those confines and to turn their eyes away from those abysses?

Will you help them?

It is good to see a human being returning to hope through the gateway of wonder, led by the hands of mercy, of charity, of pity.

There is spring in the land. Yes, in spite of this war spring has come again to the world, and the larks dare to sing above the graves. The wounded, the half-suffocated soldiers see, and hear, and perhaps they feel—indeed, I think they do feel—"Yes, after all there is a God somewhere." And when the beneficent streams of pity and charity flow then the wounded in soul and the half-suffocated in spirit look up. They see that there are actually flowers springing out of the dust of death; they hear larks singing above the graves of their hopes, and surely they think, they feel, "Yes, after all there is a God."

Put that belief into their souls by means of your tender charity, and about your feet the flowers will spring up, and the larks, dropping down from the blue, will surely come to sing before your windows.

The national allied relief committee has been organized to centralize and simplify the administration of funds collected in this country for the relief of sufferers among the allies.

Clothing and other materials should be consigned to the National Allied Relief Committee, War Relief Clearing House, 150 Bank street, New York. Checks for single and monthly contributions, with the accompanying subscription slip, should be sent to Lee, Higginson & Co., National Relief Committee, 5th Avenue building, New York.

According to British technical publications, the first circular saw was invented by one Murray, a wood turner at Mansfield, England. The first saw of this kind was about six inches in diameter and was used on a wood turning lathe operated by water power.

ORGANIZATION FOR ALL COUNTIES, AIM

General Metts Asks Veterans To Form More Camps; Accepts Command

In formally accepting command of the North Carolina Division of United Confederate Veterans succeeding General Julian S. Carr, who was made commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, General James I. Metts of Wilmington urges the formation of a veterans' camp in every county where there is no such camp and that all veterans affiliate with some camp. General Metts in his formal acceptance also expresses his deep appreciation of the high honor which has been conferred upon him. His acceptance, which is issued from the headquarters of the North Carolina Division under date of October 28, is as follows:

"To the North Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans and all other veterans in the State:

"In assuming command of that time honored division of United Confederate Veterans of the grand old State of North Carolina to which office your delegates have recently elected me, I wish first of all to express to you, my comrades, the deep appreciation which I feel of the signal honor which has been conferred upon me of which I am truly conscious.

"I assure you that the prime object of my term of office will be to perfect such an organization as will bring peace, happiness and prosperity to every follower of the immortal Lee, Johnson and Jackson, in such abundance as can be measured only by enriching of our efforts by the Divine Leader of all men.

"In doing this it will always be my pleasure to counsel with and receive the aid of all wearers of the gray, whose services for their dear old Southland, from Beilhol to Appomattox, stands today unsullied from the world.

"My first effort in your behalf will be to surround myself with such comrades as my staff, as will consolidate into a regular turbine engine, that we may distribute power for the upbuilding of your camps, that they may become a very asset of happiness in your declining years.

"By doing this we can then and then only develop the greatest good to the greatest number. So I ask, yes, beg, each and every one of you who have stood the test that tried men's souls, to organize camps in every county in the State where there are none and to affiliate with your nearest camp of United Confederate Veterans that we may put shoulder to shoulder in comforting and caring for our comrades, for we are our brothers' keepers.

"We beg for your kind indulgence for any errors of our administration and ask that you attribute them to the frailty of this human nature of ours, for they will be the faults of the head and not of the heart.

"I trust that we will be the beneficiaries of the crowning success which was so abundantly bestowed on my worthy predecessor.

"In conclusion, I must again ask you to accept my thanks for the glorious privilege you have given me to serve you and may I here ask for a small thought during your prayers to the Divine Leader, that he may further the success of our efforts and thoroughly imbue use with the knowledge that we should ever love our neighbors as ourselves and be more blessed to give than to receive."

JAMES I. METTS.

Major General, U. S. A.

Makes Record Catch.

Morehead City, Oct. 30.—The largest catches of fish ever seen here were this week made by local fishermen and visiting sportsmen with hook-and-line and rod and reel. It seems as if the surrounding waters are filled with carp, trout and sheepheads as the inexperienced person has little difficulty in catching large numbers of the finny tribe whenever he goes after them. More than 15,000 pounds of carp were brought here this week by sportsmen and sold on the local market, some of the catches made being anywhere from 42 to 58 fish averaging 14 pounds each. The largest one caught weighed 52 pounds while the smallest weighed 11 pounds.

In one hour Dr. C. L. Summers of Winston-Salem and Captain J. H. Fulcher of this city caught 24. During the same time Captain Ike Wade caught 48; W. M. Webb, 34; and Captain Alonzo Willis 51. 420 pounds of sheephead were brought in by W. L. Kennedy of Falling Creek, while W. W. Simms of Wilson caught 410 pounds. Solid car loads of fish are shipped away from here daily by local fish dealers and yet they are not able to supply the demand.

In the United States are manufacturing establishments, 279,932; persons engaged in manufacture, 1,707,751; divided into proprietors and firm members, 275,932; salaried employees, 792,168; age earners coverage number, 6,639,931.